Northern Messenger

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Indian Famine Relief.

(By Mrs. Fuller.)

We have decided to take all orphans that are brought to us without regard to number, and trust God for future guidance and help with them; to take the children of destitute widows, and widowers who cannot work on relief work and care for their children, and then at the close of the famine, return the children to the parents, and in this way keep families together. We desire to help young women and widows to work and tide them through the famine without their moral ruin. The ladies of our mission are hoping to start some industrial scheme so that some of the women can earn their way. Beside suffering and death, a famine is a great calamity to the people in many ways, they get mendicant habits, families get broken up, while to say the least, it is demoralizing for people to leave their homes and villages and herd in poor houses and on big relief works. Before the people get emaciated and reduced beyond the power to work is the time to help, but all our schemes require money to be put in execution and out of our own means we are unable to do it. We wish to give as little gratuitous help as possible.

1. Most of our Christians are weavers. If we had the money to buy yarn for them, and then buy the cloth afterward, we could

THE REV. M. B. FULLER, OF BOMBAY, INDIA.

give them famine wages for their work and the work could be done in their own homes with their family together. We need to do this at once. If we take in a large number of orphans, the cloth can be bought for them, but if we can find no market for the rest of the cloth these bad times, we will have to store it and sell in better times, so there will be in time but little loss.

2. If some kind friends donate us money for material—say $2,000—we could at this time put up two or three mission houses, with famine labor, and thus make a home for the missionary, open a station permanently, and help the people in their hour of need. We have a number of smaller schemes, such as brick kilns, lime kilns and though the brick kilns need no capital but good clay, yet we need money to pay the people for the work. We already have a contract for burning lime and several kilns are started. It is a very sore place to be in, to have hungry men and women continually about you, and to have no power to help them. We will keep as many as we can on Government work and aid, and yet there are hundreds of cries whose sound will never pierce the Sirkar's (Government) ears. Money can be cabled to us, or sent in money orders or drafts, payable to M. B. Fuller,

MRS. FULLER.

Girgaum, Bombay, India, or to our good friend Prof. B. H. Roberts, North Chili Monroe Co., N.Y., who will forward it to us until different arrangements can be made. Donors should designate for what their gifts are intended and for which field, the Marathi or Guzerati. If money is cabled, the word 'famine' should be added.

One dollar a month will keep a boy or girl from starving. What can you do?

The latest official estimates show that about fifty million persons in India are now suffering from this awful famine, and less than four million are receiving relief from the government. The situation daily grows worse. Money is needed now. It is urgent that funds should be sent at once to the missionaries who will apply the money to famine relief works. The 'Messenger' will be pleased to receive and forward any contribution to the Indian Famine Fund. One Sabbath-school has already sent in seven dollars which has been forwarded to Mrs. Fuller through Mr. Roberts. Perhaps your Sabbath-school or Band of Hope or Endeavor Society would take up a collection for this purpose. Any gifts sent through the 'Messenger' will be thankfully acknowledged by us.

The Teacher's Need.

We want the Holy Spirit to prepare us for our work; but, when we get at the work our need remains. If any think that Sunday-school teaching means teaching children to read and to repeat verses of Scripture, they do not discover the necessity of the Holy Spirit for that; but you long to see the children saved; and here your great need comes in. I hope I speak to those who will never be satisfied unless their children are born again. You believe that they need to be born again. Certain fanatics of scepticism have such super-naturally good children that they do not want regeneration. I never had children of that sort, I have always seen that children born of the flesh are flesh, and only that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Still is it true—'Ye must be born again.' You are aiming at getting the child into a right mind and bringing it to rest in Christ, and to find salvation in Him, even as you have received it yourselves. Now if it be so, what can you do without the Spirit of God? Change a stone into flesh—try that at home with a piece of stone on your table, before you attempt it yourself with the child before you. Create a soul between the ribs of death; try that in a charnel house before you begin with any sinner, dead in sin, to create within him our spiritual life. Of regeneration we may say, 'This is the finger of God.' If our religion be not supernatural it is a delusion. From the first earnest living desire towards God to the consummated renewal, when we shall stand in His presence made absolutely perfect—all is the work of the Holy Spirit, and we should be vainglorious, indeed, if we thought we could do it. We shall be baffled if we attempt it. If it were to teach the intellect, we might do it, but if it is to create a new heart and a right spirit, we are out of court. Unless the Holy Ghost comes in, we go upon a fool's errand altogether. Do you always feel; when you sit among the children, If God be not here, why am I here? If the Holy Ghost be not with me, what am I doing? I am like Jannes and Jambres, attempting to work a miracle without Jehovah's aid. I shall be baffled, I shall be detected for an imposter. If the Holy Ghost is not in me, and does not work by the words I speak, I shall be wasting my time; for I can effect nothing whatsoever apart from the Spirit. We believe that the whole work is beyond us. The Omnipotence of God must come in that a new creation may be seen. Can we create? It is a resurrection: can we call the dead to life? God doth it, and on God alone we must depend. I wonder if you have ever tried in your own strength to convert a single child? If you have, if you have selected a most likely one, you will have thought that you had better have selected a most unlikely one; and if you have shifted the venue, and tried that unlikely one, you have been something like the seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, who tried to cast out devils; the devils do not know you. They would have known Jesus, they would have known the Holy Spirit, but they do not know you. Why, I find myself often beaten, even in attempting to lead an anxious soul to Christ. It is my daily employment. I think I have had as much experience in it as any man alive. Sick souls come to me hoping for comfort; but I have to plead to God for help. When I stop fifty doubts there comes fifty-one, and I have to begin again; and when I think I have landed my fish, presently he is in the water again, and I have to do the work over again. Often I have to cry, 'Come, Sacred Comforter, reveal Christ to this poor soul, for I can do nothing without Thee.' Only those people who never do any spiritual work talk about what they can do. When you get into the sacred service you find how great your weakness is. When your faith

is sharply tried you find yourself a learner yet, unstable, weak, and apt to slide. You feel out of your depth when you come to deal with souls, and you must have the Holy Spirit or fail.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Cruden and His Concordance.

A SANE BOOK FROM AN AUTHOR NOT SO.

(By Rev. Marcus Scott, B.A., Detroit, in 'Presbyterian Review.')

We have heard two great men, each a master in his own sphere, pass the highest possible eulogiums on this really great book. These two men are diverse in many things, though in several they agree. They are both great preachers, though in style, and matter they are as far apart as the poles. They are both great students of scripture. The one is Dr. Alexander White, the eloquent preacher of Free St. George's Church, Edinburgh, who, taking him all in all, is the greatest preacher we have ever heard. While we attended Dr. White's church and Bible-class (the largest and best taught, we believe, in the world, for some ten hundred young men and women attend it) he often recommended Cruden's Concordance as a book every Bible student should possess. 'For——,' White would often say, 'consult your Cruden.'

Some few weeks ago we heard Mr. D. L. Moody, who has often been called a man of one book, give one of his unique, racy addresses on 'How to study the Bible.' Mr. Moody urged everyone to possess an unabridged Cruden, as a sine qua non in the study of God's word. Since we heard White twelve years ago Cruden always lies on our study table as an indispensable. Moody's reference incites our curiosity and awakens anew our interest, and we take the book into our hands and begin to turn over its pages. Yes, unmistakably it is a great book. Its history, too, is unique among books. When before or since was ever such a sane book written by such an insane author? It is quite a bulky volume, with its seven hundred, three-columned, closely-printed pages, and yet there is not a single word in it that should not be there. What a world of toil is here compressed within the boards of this silent book.

The story of Alexander Cruden and his Concordance is a wonderfully strange one. He was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1701. At the age of nineteen he took the degree of M.A., at Marischal College. While a student he fell in love with a minister's daughter. His love was not returned, and the young lady's father closed his doors against the young ardent lover. This overpowered his reason and completely drove him mad. For months at a time he had to be confined in a lunatic asylum. The wound was incurable, and Cruden was insane until the end of his life. His malady seems to have been increased by the cruelty of his treatment, for in those days the mentally afflicted were treated with indescribable brutality. In 1722 Cruden went to London, and was employed as a private tutor till 1735, when he was appointed bookseller to Queen Caroline. About this period he began to work at his Concordance, at which he labored more or less uninterruptedly for thirty-four years, the first edition being published in 1737, and the last one in 1769. On the first edition he was a heavy loser. On the second he made £500, and on the third £300.

The most of his life was spent in a sort of harmless lunacy. He called himself Alexander the Corrector, and claimed that he was sent to reform the morals of the nation. He took a great interest in the unhappy prisoners in the London jails, and did much to mitigate their sufferings. For years and years he turned over the leaves of his Bible and kept correcting and revising his Concordance. And so it happens that from this unfortunately afflicted man we have this great work. While the references are useful, the charm of Cruden's Concordance is the history and explanation he gives of all the leading words in the Bible. He gives in these short, racy paragraphs, all the senses in which the word is used in scripture. Thus his Concordance remains to-day, and will remain as long as the Bible is read, a really standard work. Perhps few who consult the Concordance ever think of the author's unhappy and unfortunate life. He was one of those ill-fated beings, 'crazed by care, and crossed by hopeless love,' and yet he lived to write a book which is one of the best and most popular of its kind, and one which in all likelihood will never be superseded. This is one of the marvels of authorship, and one of those curious phenomena in connection with the working of the human intellect. His biography may remind us of his unfortunate eccentricity; but of his unremitting toil, his painstaking diligence, and his unwearying and unceasing efforts to elucidate the best of all books, his Concordance is an everlasting monument. And of such monuments, erected under such circumstances, Alexander Cruden's Concordance, is the only one we know of. While we gratefully use the book, some of us, at least, can learn a needed lesson from its author's life. Let us ever be thankful to God for the best of all earthly blessings—'Sana mens in corpore sano,' and let us ever use both for high and worthy purposes.

How he Answered Infidelity.

An instance of a blind man's familiarity with the bible, which ought to bring the blush to some cheeks that enclose eyes flashing with light, was related by Robert E. Speer, in one of his Northfield addresses.

Last year we had a meeting with some Corean Christians who had known the gospel but a few years. I said to them: 'Now, you know that not everybody in America believes in this gospel. The majority of the people in our country are not followers of Jesus, and as to this Bible, there are a great many who do not believe in it; and some day they will come here and they will tell you these things. Is your faith in Christ and this Bible dependent on your belief that a great nation, mightier and wiser than you, believes in Christ and the Bible? Or does it rest on other grounds? What will you say when men come and question your faith in Christ and his word?"

There was a young man sitting down on the floor, who had been blinded from early childhood, with the marks of the disease that had made him blind all over his face. He raised his head and said:

'I will tell you what I would say. I would answer him in the words of the nineteenth and twentieth verses of the fourth chapter of Acts: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you rather than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we saw and heard."'

I said, 'Do you know all your Bible as well as that?' He could not read, and they have no raised-letter Bibles in Corea.

'Well,' said the blind man, 'I know my Bible pretty well.'

I asked, 'Can you tell me what is in the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke?'

'Certainly,' he said, 'that's the chapter that has the parable of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the prodigal son.'

'Do you know in what chapter of Matthew is the feeding of the five thousand?'

'Certainly,' he answered, 'it's in the fourteenth.'

I thought it was the twelfth, but I turned to the fourteenth and found that the blind man had placed it correctly.

He had learned all he knew about Christ's life from his friends, who sat on the floor of the little room in which he lived, and read to him, translating out of an old Chinese Bible the whole life of Christ.

I asked him what he liked best of all.

'Oh,' he replied, 'I like the ninth chapter of the Gospel of John, that tells the story of the blind man to whom Christ restored sight.'

I asked him what he looked forward to most.

'Well,' he said, 'I look forward most to Christ's meeting me at the gates of that Beulah land. I wouldn't dare to go up to see the Father alone, a blind man from Corea, but I shall wait at the gate until Christ comes and takes my hand and leads me up to his Father and mine.'

I don't know when I was so rebuked as to my own knowledge of the Bible as by that poor blind Corean, who had been less than three years a disciple of Christ.

A Workman's Evening Hymn

O 'Son of the carpenter,' daylight is gone;
My worship is closed, my thoughts are now free,
The noise of earth's traffic is hushed in the streets,
And my heart and my voice I lift unto Thee.

I sing of the glory from which Thou didst come
To live in a cottage and work for thy bread;
I sing of the glory which Thou didst conceal,
In a carpenter's son, 'neath a carpenter's shed.

How lowly Thy life! how simple Thy toil!
No temple or place emblazons thine art;
Thy kinsfolk cared not for Thy birth or Thy deeds;
Thy mother alone kept these things in her heart.

O 'Son of the carpenter,' now on Thy throne,
Reveal unto me Thy wonderful plan
For building an earthly yet heavenly life—
For growing in favor with God and with man!

I, too, am a toiler, unheeded, unknown;
I, too have a spirit which longs to be free;
O teach me to work and patiently wait,
While knowing my kinship with God and with Thee!

George H. Fullerton, in 'Waif.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Feb. 11., Sun.—I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat.
Feb. 12., Mon.—Whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy.
Feb. 13., Tues.—I will dwell among the children of Israel.
Feb. 14., Wed.—I will meet with thee.
Feb. 15., Thurs.—I am the Lord that doth sanctify you.
Feb. 16., Fri.—My Sabbaths ye shall keep.
Feb. 17., Sat.—Mine Angel shall go before thee.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER VI.

BLACK ROCK RELIGION.

When I grow weary with the conventions of religion, and sick in my soul from feeding upon husks, that the churches too often offer me, in the shape of elaborate service and eloquent discourses, so that in my sickness I doubt and doubt, then I go back to the communion in Black Rock and the days preceding it, and the fever and the weariness leave me, and I grow humble and strong. The simplicity and rugged grandeur of the faith, the humble gratitude of the rough men I see about the table, and the calm radiance of one saintly face, rest and recall me.

Not its most enthusiastic apologist would call Black Rock a religious community, but it possessed in a marked degree that eminent Christian virtue of tolerance. All creeds, all shades of religious opinion, were allowed, and it was generally conceded that one was as good as another. It is fair to say, however, that Black Rock's catholicity was negative rather than positive. The only religion objectionable was that insisted upon as a necessity. It never occurred to any one to consider religion other than as a respectable, if not ornamental, addition to life in older lands.

During the weeks following the making of the League, however, this negative attitude towards things religious gave place to one of keen investigation and criticism. The indifference passed away, and with it, in a large measure, the tolerance. Mr. Craig was responsible for the former of these changes, but hardly, in fairness, could he be held responsible for the latter. If any one, more than another, was to be blamed for the rise of intolerance in the village, that man was Geordie Crawford. He had his 'lines' from the Established Kirk of Scotland, and when Mr. Craig announced his intention of having the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper observed, Geordie produced his 'lines' and promptly handed them in. As no other man in the village was equipped with like spiritual credentials, Geordie constituted himself a kind of kirk-session, charged with the double duty of guarding the entrance to the Lord's Table, and of keeping an eye upon the theological opinions of the community, and more particularly upon such members of it as gave evidence of possessing any opinions definite enough for statement.

It came to be Mr. Craig's habit to drop into the League-room, and toward the close of the evening to have a short Scripture lesson from the Gospels. Geordie's opportunity came after the meeting was over and Mr. Craig had gone away. The men would hang about and talk the lesson over, expressing opinions favorable or unfavorable as appeared to them good. Then it was that all sorts of views, religious and otherwise, were aired and examined. The originality of the ideas, the absolute disregard of the authority of church or creed, the frankness with which opinions were stated, and the forcefulness of the language in which they were expressed, combined to make the discussions altogether marvellous. The passage between Abe Baker, the stage driver, and Geordie was particularly rich. It followed upon a very telling lesson on the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican.

The chief actors in that wonderful story were transferred to the Black Rock stage, and were presented in miner's costume. Abe was particularly well pleased with the scoring of the 'blanked old rooster who crowed so blanked high,' and somewhat incensed at the quiet remark interjected by Geordie, 'that it was nae credit till a man tae be a sinner'; and when Geordie went on to urge the importance of right conduct and respectability, Abe was led to pour forth vials of contemptuous wrath upon the Pharisees and hypocrites who thought themselves better than other people. But Geordie was quite unruffled, and lamented the ignorance of men who, brought up in 'Epeescopawlyun or Methody' churches, could hardly be expected to detect the Antinomian or Arminian heresies.

'Aunty Nomyun or Uncle Nomyun,' replied Abe, boiling hot, 'my mother was a Methodist, and I'll back any blanked Methodist against any blankety blank long-faced, lantern-jawed, skinflint Presbyterian,' and this he was eager to maintain to any man's satisfaction if he would step outside.

Geordie was quite unmoved, but hastened to assure Abe that he meant no disrespect to his mother, who he had 'nae doot was a clever enough buddie, tae judge by her son.' Abe was speedily appeased, and offered to set up the drinks all round. But Geordie, with evident reluctance, had to decline, saying, 'Na, na, lad, I'm a League man, ye ken,' and I was sure that Geordie at that moment felt that membership in the League had its drawbacks.

Nor was Geordie too sure of Craig's orthodoxy; while as to Mrs. Mavor, whose slave he was, he was in the habit of lamenting her doctrinal condition—

'She's a fine woman, nae doot; but, puir cratur, she's fair carried awa wi' the errors o' thae Epeescopawlyuns.'

It fell to Geordie, therefore, as a sacred duty, in view of the laxity of those who seemed to be the pillars of the Church, to be all the more watchful and unyielding. But he was delightfully inconsistent when confronted with particulars. In conversation with him one night after one of the meetings, when he had been specially hard upon the ignorant and godless, I innocently changed the subject to Billy Breen, whom Geordie had taken to his shack since the night of the League. He was very proud of Billy's success in the fight against whiskey, the credit of which he divided unevenly between Mrs. Mavor and himself.

'He's fair daft aboot her,' he explained to me, 'an' I'll no' deny but she's a great help, ay, a verra conseederable asseestance; but, man, she doesna ken the whusky, an' the inside o' a man that's wantin' it. Ay, puir buddie, she diz her pairt, an' when ye're a bit restless an' thrawn aifter yer day's wark, it's like a walk in a bonnie glen on a simmer eve, with the birds liltin' aboot, tae sit in you roomie and hear her sing; but when the night is on, an' ye canna sleep, but wauken wi' an' awfu' thrust and wi' dreams o' cosy firesides, and the bonnie sparklin' glosses, as it is wi' puir Billy, ay, it's then ye need a man wi' a guid grup beside ye.'

'What do you do then, Geordie?' I asked.

'Oo ay, I juist gang for a bit walk wi' the lad, and then pits the kettle on an'maks a cup o' tea or coffee, an' aff he gangs tae sleep like a bairn.'

'Poor Billy,' I said pityingly, 'there's no hope for him in the future, I fear.'

'Hoot awa, man,' said Geordie quickly. 'Ye wadna keep oot a puir cratur frae creepin' in, that's daein' his best?'

'But, Geordie,' I remonstrated, 'he doesn't know anything of the doctrines. I don't believe he could give us "The Chief End of Man."'

'An' wha's tae blame for that?' said Geordie, with fine indignation. 'An' maybe you remember the prood Phiarisee and the puir wumman that cam' creepin' in ahint the Maister.'

The mingled tenderness and indignation in Geordie's face were beautiful to see, so I meekly answered, 'Well, I hope Mr. Craig won't be too strict with the boys.'

Geordie shot a suspicious glance at me, but I kept my face like a summer morn, and he replied cautiously—

'Ay, he's no' that streect; but he maun exerceese discreemination.'

Geordie was none the less determined, however, that Billy should 'come forrit'; but as to the manager, who was a member of the English Church, and some others who had been confirmed years ago, and had forgotten much and denied more, he was extremely doubtful, and expressed himself in very decided words to the minister—

'Ye'll no' be askin' forrit thae Epeescopawlyun buddies. They juist ken naething ava.'

But Mr. Craig looked at him for a moment and said, "'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out,"' and Geordie was silent, though he continued doubtful.

With all these somewhat fantastic features, however, there was no mistaking the earnest spirit of the men. The meetings grew larger every night, and the interest became more intense. The singing became different. The men no longer simply shouted, but as Mr. Craig would call attention to the sentiment of the hymn, the voices would attune themselves to the words. Instead of encouraging anything like emotional excitement, Mr. Craig seemed to fear it.

'These chaps are easily stirred up,' he would say, 'and I am anxious that they should know exactly what they are doing. It is far too serious a business to trifle with.'

Although Graeme did not go downstairs to the meetings, he could not but feel the throb of the emotion beating in the heart of the community. I used to detail for his benefit, and sometimes for his amusement, the incidents of each night. But I never felt quite easy in dwelling upon the humorous features in Mrs. Mavor's presence, although Craig did not appear to mind. His manner with Graeme was perfect. Openly anxious to win him to his side, he did not improve the occasion and vex him with exhortation. He would not take him at a disadvantage, though, as I afterwards found, this was not his sole reason for his method. Mrs. Mavor, too, showed herself in wise and tender light. She might have been his sister, so frank was she and so openly affectionate, laughing at his fretfulness and soothing his weariness.

Never were better comrades than we four, and the bright days speeding so swiftly on drew us nearer to one another.

But the bright days came to an end; for Graeme, when once he was able to go about, became anxious to get back to the camp. And so the last day came, a day I remember well. It was a bright, crisp winter day.

The air was shimmering in the frosty light. The mountains, with their shining heads piercing through light clouds into that wonderful blue of the western sky, and their feet pushed into the pine masses, gazed down upon Black Rock with calm, kindly looks on their old grey faces. How one grows to love them, steadfast old friends!

Far up among the pines we could see the smoke of the engine at the works, and so still and so clear was the mountain air that we could hear the puff of the steam, and from far down the river the murmur of the rapids. The majestic silence, the tender beauty, the peace, the loneliness, too, came stealing in upon us, as we three, leaving Mrs. Mavor behind us, marched arm-in-arm down the street. We had not gone far on our way, when Graeme, turning round, stood a moment looking back, then waved his hand in farewell. Mrs. Mavor was at her window, smiling and waving in return. They had grown to be great friends these two; and seemed to have arrived at some understanding. Certainly, Graeme's manner to her was not that he bore to other women. His half-quizzical, somewhat superior air of mocking devotion gave place to a simple, earnest, almost tender, respect, very new to him, but very winning.

As he stood there waving his farewell, I glanced at his face and saw for a moment what I had not seen for years, a faint flush on Graeme's cheek and a light of simple, earnest faith in his eyes. It reminded me of my first look of him when he had come up for his matriculation to the 'Varsity. He stood on the campus looking up at the noble old pile, and there was the same bright, trustful, earnest look on his boyish face.

I know not what spirit possessed me: it may have been the pain of the memory working in me, but I said, coarsely enough. 'It's no use, Graeme, my boy; I would fall in love with her myself, but there would be no chance even for me.'

The flush slowly darkened as he turned and said deliberately—

'It's not like you, Connor, to be an ass of that peculiar kind. Love!—not exactly! she won't fall in love unless'—and he stopped abruptly with his eyes upon Craig.

But Craig met him with unshrinking gaze, quietly remarking, 'Her heart is under the pines'; and we moved on, each thinking his own thoughts, and guessing at the thoughts of the others.

We were on our way to Craig's shack, and as we passed the saloon Slavin stepped from the door with a salutation. Graeme paused. 'Hello, Slavin! I got rather the worst of it, didn't I?'

Slavin came near, and said earnestly, 'It was a dirty thrick altogether; you'll not think it was moine, Mr. Graeme.'

'No, no, Slavin! you stood up like a man,' said Graeme cheerfully.

'And you bate me fair; an' bedad it was a nate one that laid me out; an' there's no grudge in me heart till ye.'

'All right, Slavin; we'll perhaps understand each other better after this.'

'An' that's thrue for yez, sor; an' I'll see that your byes don't get any more than they ask for,' replied Slavin, backing away.

'And I hope that won't be much,' put in Mr. Craig; but Slavin only grinned.

When we came to Craig's shack Graeme was glad to rest in the big chair.

Craig made him a cup of tea, while I smoked, admiring much the deft neatness of the minister's house-keeping, and the gentle, almost motherly, way he had with Graeme.

In our talk we drifted into the future, and Craig let us see what were his ambitions. The railway was soon to come; the resources were, as yet, unexplored, but enough was known to assure a great future for British Columbia. As he talked his enthusiasm grew, and carried us away. With the eye of a general he surveyed the country, fixed the strategic points which the Church must seize upon. Eight good men would hold the country from Fort Steele to the coast, and from Kootenay to Cariboo.

'The Church must be in with the railway; she must have a hand in the shaping of the country. If society crystallises without her influence, the country is lost, and British Columbia will be another trap-door to the bottomless pit.'

'What do you propose?' I asked.

'Organising a little congregation here in Black Rock.'

'How many will you get?'

'Don't know.'

'Pretty hopeless business,' I said.

'Hopeless! hopeless!' he cried; 'there were only twelve of us at first to follow Him, and rather a poor lot they were. But He braced them up, and they conquered the world.'

'But surely things are different,' said Graeme.

'Things? Yes! yes! But He is the same.' His face had an exalted look, and his eyes were gazing into far-away places.

'A dozen men in Black Rock with some real grip of Him would make things go. We'll get them, too,' he went on in growing excitement. 'I believe in my soul we'll get them.'

'Look here, Craig; if you organize I'd like to join,' said Graeme impulsively. 'I don't believe much in your creed or your Church, but I'll be blowed if I don't believe in you.'

Craig looked at him with wistful eyes, and shook his head. 'It won't do, old chap, you know. I can't hold you. You've got to have a grip of some one better than I am; and then, besides, I hardly like asking you now'; he hesitated—'well, to be out-and-out, this step must be taken not for my sake, nor for any man's sake, and I fancy that perhaps you feel like pleasing me just now a little.'

'That I do, old fellow,' said Graeme, putting out his hand. 'I'll be hanged if I won't do anything you say.'

'That's why I won't say,' replied Craig. Then reverently he added, 'The organization is not mine. It is my Master's.'

'When are you going to begin?' asked Graeme.

'We shall have our communion service in two weeks, and that will be our roll-call.'

'How many will answer?' I asked doubtfully.

'I know of three,' he said quietly.

'Three! There are two hundred miners and one hundred and fifty lumbermen! Three!' and Graeme looked at him in amazement. 'You think it worth while to organize three?'

'Well,' replied Craig, smiling for the first time, 'the organization won't be elaborate, but it will be effective, and, besides, loyalty demands obedience.'

We sat long that afternoon talking, shrinking from the breaking up; for we knew that we were about to turn down a chapter in our lives which we should delight to linger over in after days. And in my life there is but one brighter. At last we said good-bye and drove away; and though many farewells have come in between that day and this, none is so vividly present to me as that between us three men. Craig's manner with me was solemn enough. "'He that loveth his life"; good-bye, don't fool with this,' was what he said to me. But when he turned to Graeme his whole face lit up. He took him by the shoulders and gave him a little shake, looking into his eyes, and saying over and over in a low, sweet tone—

'You'll come, old chap, you'll come, you'll come. Tell me you'll come.'

And Graeme coud say nothing in reply, but only looked at him. Then they silently shook hands, and we drove off. But long after we had got over the mountain and into the winding forest road on the way to the lumber-camp the voice kept vibrating in my heart, 'You'll come, you'll come,' and there was a hot pain in my throat.

We said little during the drive to the camp. Graeme was thinking hard, and made no answer when I spoke to him two or three times, till we came to the deep shadows of the pine forest, when with a little shiver he said—

'It is all a tangle—a hopeless tangle.'

'Meaning what?' I asked.

'This business of religion—what quaint varieties—Nelson's, Geordie's, Billy Breen's—if he has any—then Mrs. Mavor's—she is a saint, of course—and that fellow Craig's. What a trump he is!—and without his religion he'd be pretty much like the rest of us. It is too much for me.'

His mystery was not mine. The Black Rock varieties of religion were certainly startling: but there was undoubtedly the streak of reality through them all, and that discovery I felt to be a distinct gain.

(To be continued.)

A Life Saved by Steadiness.

Dinner was just finished, and several English officers were sitting around the table. The conversation had not been animated, and there came a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of fifty-five, turned toward his next neighbor, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar-smoke at the ceiling.

The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness and in a quiet steady voice, he said, 'Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers, I wan't to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle.' 'All right, major,' replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes; 'hadn't the least idea of moving, I assure you. What's the game?' By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way.

'Do you think,' continued the major—and his voice trembled just a little—'that you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes, to save your life?' 'Are you joking?' 'On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?' The subaltern barely whispered, 'Yes,' and his face paled slightly. 'Burke,' said the major, addressing an officer across the table, 'pour out some of that milk into a saucer, and set it on the floor here just at the back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!'

Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the major had indicated on the floor.

Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra di capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided toward the milk.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor.

'Thank you, major,' said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly; 'you have saved my life!' 'You're welcome, my boy,' replied the senior, 'but you did your share.'—'Scottish American.'

A Lesson for Hugh.

(By Sydney Dayre, in 'Good Cheer.')

'I want you to go over to the Corners on an errand for me this morning, Hugh,' said his father, at the breakfast table. Hugh's face clouded.

"I did want to go fishing,' he said. 'Jack and I thought that as this was the first Saturday since the fishing's good that something hasn't prevented, we'd make a good day at it. We bought minnows last night on purpose.'

'I am very sorry to have to interfere with your sport,' said his father kindly, 'but the business is important, and I'm afraid the fishing will have to stand over.'

Hugh was well disposed towards a dutiful regard to his father's wishes, but the disappointment was severe, making it an ill-judged time for his younger brother to begin, eagerly,

'Oh, Hugh! Can't I have your minnows, as you can't use them? I'll pay you for them with the money I get, truly I will. Mother'll buy the fish I catch, won't you, mother?'

'If you catch any,' put in Hugh unpleasantly. 'No, you can't have the minnows. Perhaps I'll get home in time to have a little chance myself, late in the day.'

'Just a few of them,' pleaded Archie.

'No, not one! Remember now!' said his brother sharply.

He went to make ready for his unwilling ride to the Corners, leaving Archie to go about his Saturday morning chores in a discontented and rebellious frame of mind.

'He might let me have them just as well as not. He won't be able to use them himself, I know, I've the greatest mind—yes, I have—'

Archie's great mind spurred him to a rate of liveliness heretofore unknown through his small work, after which permission to go fishing was easily obtained.

A few minutes later he might have been seen, had any one taken the trouble to look, entering the tool-house. Under a shelf in a cool corner were the coveted minnows.

'Now—if only I can get out without anybody seeing me—'

It was easy to do it, for every one was busy at that time of day. Around behind the small building, keeping well out of sight behind the barn, he went, then along a hedge, holding his head well down.

'Now, Rover, Rover, come here, doggie.'

With a few calls Rover bounded up to him and joined his hasty steps towards the river.

'A tip-top day, Rover. Not too hot and the sky just cloudy enough. The fish 'll bite well, I know. We'll go to the hole where I got so many good bites last summer. Haven't I got the better of Hugh, though.'

He laughed, and for a while amused himself with thoughts of the clever trick he had played on his brother.

'When he gets home he'll go to the tool-house and feel for that pail and it won't be there. Then, when I show him the fish I'm going to catch and promise to divide with him, of course he'll see how silly it would have been for me to let them stay there and die. If he doesn't see it, why, he'll have to stand it, that's all.'

But as the boy lay under the deep shadows of the great willows, in the quiet of the lonely woods, other thoughts came to him.

'I don't know, after all, but it was a little mean and sneaky. I do believe Rover thinks so,' turning to see Roper gazing intently into the pail of minnows. 'I 'most wish I hadn't done it.'

An hour or more passed. If the fishing had been a success Archie might possibly have felt differently about it. As a few nibbles resulted in nothing, he became discouraged.

'I've the greatest mind to carry them back. I haven't used but one or two, and—what's all that noise?'

From far down the river came the sound of voices in wild terror and distress.

'Help! Help!'

A bend of the bank hid from view whatever might be going on, but still the cries echoed through the still woods.

'What can it be?' Springing to his feet unmindful that the end of his rod dropped into the water and that he had over-turned the pail of minnows, he bounded away in the direction from which the sounds came.

Half way to the Corners Hugh met a friend of his father's, who told him something which he at once knew made it unnecessary to continue his ride.

'Hurrah! I'm in luck. It's early yet.'

Hastening home he quickly made ready to join his friend at the river-side, his last act

being to go to the tool-house for the pail of minnows.

'Well! where is that pail?'

He felt for it more eagerly, very soon to realize that it was not there. With an excited face he hurried back to the house.

'Mother, where's Archie?'

'I told him he might go fishing.'

'I knew it! The little rascal's taken my minnows. How dared he? Well, I guess I know where he's gone, and if I don't manage to be even with him!'

'Hugh, don't be hard on him. He's a little fellow—'

'He's old enough to know better,' said Hugh.

In great wrath he made his way to what he knew was Archie's favorite fishing spot. No voice answered his angry call as he drew near. Arrived at the bank, his indignation arose to white heat at what he saw there.

'There they are—minnows! Tipped over and all dead. Now—I'll find that boy—and—'

Fierce anger blazed in his eyes as he strode on. He turned his steps up the river, believing that Archie had gone to join a friend in the construction of a dam across the mouth of a little tributary creek. And with every step his wrath against his brother grew and increased.

'It was not enough to steal them. To be careless with them and let them die! I'll let him know. But what are all these people coming down for?'

An unusual number of men and boys were meeting and passing him. There was evidently some excitement abroad. He opened his anger-set lips to make an inquiry.

'There's a boy drowned.'

The startling intelligence turned his thoughts into a new channel. He was near the place where he had expected to see Archie, but a glance sufficed to ascertain that he was not there.

'Whereabouts did it happen?' he again questioned.

'Down below: a little boy fishing, so they say. They found him in a hole and got him out and carried him up to Baird's and tried to bring him to. But they could not.'

And like the falling of a crushing blow came a sudden thought to Hugh. Archie had been fishing. Half blinded by his awful fear, Hugh turned, joining the increasing number of those who pressed on with awed faces.

'Does anybody know who it is?' he forced himself to ask.

'I don't. It's a little fellow.'

The very words in which his mother had made her plea for Archie! As Hugh stumbled on a torrent of thought surged over him.

While he had been cherishing anger in his heart against him, his little brother might be lying dead. He had been fancying the words in which Archie would plead, beg, excuse himself. It might be that his lips were closed for ever. Hugh's last words to him that morning had been harsh and disobliging. Could it be that the Lord would punish him by laying on him the weight of such a bitter memory?

Oh, to see him in life and health—to hear his voice—to be granted the blessed opportunity of enduring something from the sometimes so provoking boy, of showing forbearance in slight annoyances! Would he ever, ever again indulge in angry words and thoughts?

With heart beating almost to suffocation, he drew near to the silent crowd gathered in farmer Baird's front yard. Surely somebody there could tell him the name he feared to hear, but how could he dare to ask?

'Why—Hugh!'

Hugh leaned against the fence in momentary weakness at the sudden revulsion. For it was Archie who had taken his hand and was looking up into his face with tears in his eyes.

'Poor little Ted Griffiths,' he faltered.

'Let's go home,' said Hugh. Still hold-

ing Archie by the hand, he led the way, passing the spot on which the small boy had pursued his unsuccessful sport. Archie stopped short at sight of the overturned pail.

'Oh, Hugh! Your minnows!' Archie glanced up in terror, as he saw the mischief.

'Never mind,' said Hugh gently. He had had his lesson and would never forget it.

Better Than Learning.

(Dorothy Hilton, in London 'S. S. Times.')

I have no intentions of troubling the reader with my own personality. At eighteen I was consumed with a passion for learning, and such items as eyes, mouth, or nose, beautiful or otherwise, though I scarcely expect the statement to be believed, troubled me not at all. My promised land was college, but, ere I had finished my course at a select boarding-school, family misfortunes made my desire as unattainable as was Canaan for Moses. It became necessary that I should support myself, and as a means to this end the principal permitted me to assist with the younger pupils. The weary round was not at all to my taste, and Miss Gaveston, with great kindness, used her influence to secure me something more congenial.

'Evelyn, my dear,' she said one day, coming into the bare schoolroom where I was correcting exercises, "I think I have the very thing for you. I know Mrs. Millard slightly, and she has asked me to recommend her a governess for her one little girl. I find that you would have a much greater amount of leisure than is usual in such situations; and as there is a splendid library at Miller House, which I am sure you would be allowed to use, I should be very glad to know that you were able to continue the studies so dear to your heart.'

Miss Gaveston had always shown an almost maternal interest in my welfare, and I felt I could safely leave my future in her hands. And so it came about that I was engaged as governess to little Theresa Millard.

It was natural enough, I suppose, that even a blue-stocking should feel some qualms at her first embarkation upon an unknown world. It was with a sinking heart I bade farewell to my kind friends in the 'select establishment,' which had been a good home to me. But the thought of that magnificent library, ill-appreciated by its owner, as Miss Gaveston had more than hinted, buoyed up my spirits.

Of the journey down to Silvington, and the long drive to Millard House I have very little recollection, for I had Miss Gaveston's parting gift, a Greek book, with me. It was quite dark when I was aroused from the deep reverie into which I had fallen by the stopping of the carriage. The house seemed an imposing place as I ascended the steps into a spacious and brilliantly-lighted hall. A maid relieved me of my wraps and saying that Mrs. Millard had requested me to go to her room on my arrival, conducted me to a prettily-furnished and tastefully-crowded boudoir.

Mrs. Millard was a widow, but there was nothing to suggest the fact in the elegantly gowned lady, who rose languidly to receive me. Though at that time I was not given to noticing dress, the details of her costume remain clearly photographed upon my memory. Her gown of some rich blue stuff, with folds of soft, creamy lace served as an excellent contrast to her pale, fluffy yellow hair, and the pink and whiteness of an artificially-beautified complexion. Her voice was soft and caressing as she spoke of the cold and discomfort of my journey. A maid bringing in a dainty tea-equipage was requested by Mrs. Willard to send Miss Theresa to her. I was most anxious to see my pupil, for I had taken an instinctive dislike to Mrs. Willard, who I could see, even in the short ten minutes of our acquaintance, was an entirely selfish woman, and it was with a sigh of relief that I saw that the slim, shy child who now entered was in no way like her mother. Tessy, as she told me she liked to be called, was tall for her eleven years, and gave the impression of feeling uncomfortably overgrown. Her dark eyes which redeemed an otherwise plain little face held a curiously haunting expression which at that time I was quite unable to fathom.

'Theresa, Miss Fitzgerald,' said Mrs. Millard, softly, as she sipped her tea, "is a perfect little ignoramus. I am afraid you will be horribly shocked, and visit her shortcomings upon poor little me, but, indeed, I assure you I was unaware of her utter lack of education until quite recently. Her manners, too, are dreadful. Imagine me with a gauche daughter to take about!" with a gay little shrug and an expressive grimace. I was very sorry for Tessy, whose dark face grew red as she fidgetted uncomfortably on a high chair in an effort to make her long, black legs as inconspicuous as possible. It was quite evident that Mrs. Millard's chief concern as to her daughter's education was that she might not disgrace her when produced in the little world of society for which she lived and moved and had her being. She rattled on gaily, as if quite unconscious of the child's presence, and it was a relief to me, and I am sure to Theresa, when the lady, after giving me an outline of my duties, dismissed us together.

The following morning I devoted to ascertaining what my pupil already knew. Mrs. Millard had spoken feelingly of Theresa's utter lack of education, but I was quite unprepared for the terrible depths of ignorance revealed. It was a most trying ordeal, for it was painful to see the half-frightened, wholly ashamed look growing in the child's dark eyes and, at length, closing the book, I said cheerfully, 'We will ask no more questions then, Tessy, but begin from the very beginning, and you must work hard to make up for lost time.'

'Oh, thank you, Miss Fitzgerald,' she said, gratefully; "I know I am ignorant, and the little that I do know seems to go out of my head when any one questions me. But I really will work my very best."

And I believe the poor little mortal did, but her best proved to be a very poor affair.

'My head must be like a sieve, Miss Fitzgerald,' she said sadly one day, shedding a few bitter tears over her multiplication tables. "Everything just runs out as quickly as I learn it. Yesterday I knew this quite well, and now it is all gone!"

Though I found my pupil's stupidity very trying at times, she was a dear lovable little soul, and I saw none of that gaucherie of manner to which Mrs. Willard had referred, but then I noticed that, on the few rare occasions on which we were summoned to her mother's presence, Theresa invariably appeared at the greatest disadvantage. The library, however, made my life at that time a bed of roses. I had the afternoons entirely at my own disposal as Theresa walked out with her nurse. With a smile of indulgent pity for what she considered my curious taste, Mrs. Millard had given me permission to use the library, and from that time I revelled in a world of books.

One cold, dull day some months later, I was curled up in one of the comfortable library chairs, and had been for some time oblivious of everything but the fascinating story of Ulysses and his wanderings. When at length I became dimly conscious again it was to find that some one was addressing me. I looked up as the fact penetrated my absorption. Tessy stood in the doorway, and then I remembered that the rain had prevented her taking her usual walk.

'What is it, dear?' I asked, encouragingly, for she hesitated, and I was anxious to get back to my book.

'I hate to interrupt you,' she began, nervously, "but can you—I mean, will you—cut out a shirt?" and she brought forward a bundle of flannel which she had been concealing behind her back. I laughed. It seemed so ludicrous to be aroused from Homer to anything so prosaic as a flannel shirt.

'What do you want it for?' I asked.

The child flushed rosy red. 'It is for little Tom Hewitt,' she stammered. 'I go to see his sister Janie every Thursday, and he is in such dreadful rags. Nurse promised to cut it out for me, but she has gone to see her mother to-day, and I do want to have it finished for Thursday.'

Though my will was good to help her she might as well have asked me to build her a man-o'-war, but the child looked so terribly disappointed when I explained my inability to assist her that, laying down my book with an inward sigh, I said, 'Well, we will go to the schoolroom and see what can be done.'

Her gratitude was quite out of proportion to my power of aiding her, but already I felt repaid for my small self-denial. Putting on a confidence I certainly did not feel, I spread out the material, filling up the remaining space upon the table with a litter of pins and scissors in what I believed to be the most approved fashion. I had a vague notion of cutting out the garment on the principle of the Roman toga, but Theresa expostulated firmly.

'Have you a pattern of any sort?' I asked at last, putting down the scissors in despair.

'No,' she said, jumping down from the back of a chair from which she had been critically regarding my operations; 'but I know it goes something like this,' tracing an imaginary line on the flannel.

'You try; I am sure you know far more about it than I do,' I said humbly, resigning the scissors into her hand.

'Well, I'll risk it then,' she said, making a bold slash. 'Tommy will not be particular about the cut as long as it is warm.'

I had grown rather interested in the garment now that I had once torn myself from my beloved books, and I stayed to watch her.

'You are doing it beautifully, Tessy!' I said. 'What a clever little girl you are!'

She flushed with pleasure.

'I do believe, Miss Fitzgerald. I could learn all these sort of things quite easily, but I cannot get along with books. I cannot see the use of them myself.'

'Not see the use of books,' I gasped, and burst into a high-flown panegyric on what was so dear to me but doubtless unintelligible to Tessy.

'Yes, learning no doubt is a great thing,' she said reflectively, trimming the edges of Tommy's shirt, 'but to me it seems very selfish.'

'Selfish?' I cried, in horrified accents. The adjective was so totally unexpected.

'Yes, selfish,' she repeated, calmly; 'look at those books there, Miss Fitzgerald' waving her hand towards a row of battered schoolbooks, 'and they are just a few com-

pared with the ones in the library, and the library contains only a few of what there are in the world. Suppose I learn all the books there are in the house, how little I shall know after all.'

I was surprised to find she had considered the subject at all. 'But think, Tessy,' I cried, enthusiastically, 'of the pleasure of learning ever a little more, and—and—think of the great men and women, who have gladly spent their lives in the pursuit of knowledge, and you call it selfish!'

'But don't you see, dear Miss Fitzgerald,' she said, her dark eyes looking at me with unchildlike earnestness, 'when you die all your knowledge is wasted. It won't make it a bit easier for any other poor little girl to learn because you knew so much. It seems a dreadful waste to me. I would rather spend my life in cutting out shirts to keep little children warm than in being clever. But then I'm so stupid that I am sure to be wrong,' she added, wistfully, as if afraid she might have hurt my feelings. I did not reply. The child's words, mistaken as of course I knew them to be, had struck a chord somewhere within me that vibrated uncomfortably. Was my devotion to books only a form of selfishness? Did I neglect my duty towards the world? Almost mechanically I had strolled back into the library, and, leaving these unpleasant questions unanswered, I was soon again deeply engrossed in the sorrows of the 'much-tried man.'

A week later I sat in the schoolroom waiting for the hour of nine, and the appearance of my pupil. As the clock struck, Anne, the nurse, entered.

'Miss Tessy is not well this morning,' she began. 'I tell her she's none fit for lessons. I've bin to missis, but she says I'm not to bother her.'

The woman's tone was not particularly respectful, and she sniffed contemptuously as she mentioned her mistress, but I knew she was devoted to Tessy, so I simply said I would see her charge myself. The child was still in bed, and looked ill and feverish. She seemed very anxious lest I should be angry at her non-appearance in the schoolroom. For an only child and an heiress poor Tessy was singularly unassuming.

'Certainly, my dear, you must stay in bed,' I said with a cheerfulness born, to be strictly candid, of a burning desire for leisure, to write an essay, the subject of which had been engrossing my thoughts for some time. Therefore, I hurried away as soon as I decently could after making a few suggestions for the patient's treatment received by Anne with the scorn they no doubt well merited.

It was later in the afternoon than I had intended when I again visited Tessy, and was quite flattered by the evident pleasure with which she received me.

'Will you forgive me, Miss Fitzgerald, if I ask you to do me a big favor?' she said after a little while and with some hesitation.

Certainly, dear. I shall be pleased to do anything for you that I can,' I replied promptly, suddenly realizing how very fond I had become of this quaint child with the dark, far-away eyes.

'Well, on Thursday I always go in to Silvington to see Janie Hewitt. She's just a little girl like me, but she is always ill, and must lie flat on her back, and she is so very dull and lonely, and I do wish you would go and see her for me.'

'But, Tessy, I don't know a bit what to say to those kind of people,' I stammered, actually blushing.

'Janie will be so disappointed if no one goes. I have a picture-book to send her, and I generally read to her. Please don't laugh, Miss Fitzgerald. I know I have to skip all the big words, but Janie doesn't mind, and she likes it slowly.'

I never felt less inclined to laugh. It was quite a revelation to me how the child had spent those long afternoons which I had been too selfishly absorbed in my books to even inquire about. I felt humiliated. With all my boasted intellect this child had higher aspirations than I had ever entertained.

It was a balmy spring day as I set out for Upper Silvington, and it seemed to me that the unwonted emotions stirring in my breast were responsive to the same Almighty and which was quickening all Nature around me into a new and lovelier life. Generally I stalked along, my mind busied with some abstruse problem, quite unconscious of the weather, were it fair or foul, but to-day I was in a tenderer, more feminine, nay, more human mood. The singing of the birds around me seemed my own unconscious prayer, that henceforward my life might be purer, better, and less selfish. But my lesson was not yet learned. Knowledge comes through suffering, not in the sunshine nor the song of birds.

Upper Silvington is a mere hamlet, an off-shoot from the larger village. Despite my new-born resolutions, I shruddered at the thought of entering one of those dirty-looking cottages, in the doorways of which stood slatternly women, arms akimbo, regarding me with stupid curiosity. I accosted one, and was directed by her to the Hewitts' abode, perhaps the most tumble-down-looking hovel of all. I knocked on the open door. The scene within was one of indescribable confusion, and the smell that met my fastidious nostrils was most unpleasant. The woman who answered my summons was ragged and unkempt. My good resolutions, so recently formed, had already vanished. I felt that I could not and would not enter this evil-smelling abode. How Theresa could do so weekly was beyond my comprehension.

'You are Mrs. Hewitt?' I interrogated.

'Yes, I be.'

'I have brought this little book from Miss Millard for your invalid daughter,' I said. The woman's stolid face brightened.

'Miss Tessy, she do be very kind. But is she not coming to-day? Janie will be that disappointed like.' I explained that Miss Millard was indisposed, and the woman showed genuine concern.

'Poor little dear, she do be a hangel to my lass! She looks forrad to Thursdays like they was Sundays, and Miss Tessy allus leaves her better and cheerfuller. But you'll come in, miss? Janie 'll be fine and pleased to see you.'

'I am very sorry but I haven't time.' I said, silencing some inward qualms of conscience. 'It is further to Silvington than I expected.' I was turning away when the woman spoke hesitatingly.

'You'll excuse me, ma'am, but it's nothing serious-like with little miss?'

'Oh, no!' I assured her. 'Merely some childish ailment.'

'That be well then, for,' advancing confidentially a little nearer, 'last week she went to see the Jackson's baby, and it does turn out now as their bairns 'as got the scarlet-tinner.'

'Scarletina!' I echoed.

'Yes, Miss. Down yonder 'ouse with the door shut.' I was more startled than I cared to confess, and bidding her a hurried good-day I started off at a quick pace. The sunshine and the flowers had lost their charm for me now and I did not linger by the way. I went straight to Tessy's room. To my awakened eye she looked more flushed and feverish, but Anne, faithfully watching by her side, assured me she was better, having slept a little. Making some excuse I called her from the room and told her what I had learned from the woman. Anne was as much startled as I had been.

'You must see Mrs. Millard at once about sending for the doctor,' I said.

'Oh, she,' cried Anne, contemptuously, 'she's gone off to a 'ouse party at Colonel Lorrimer's without so much as a look nigh the precious child. But I'll send off John right away for Dr. Moore, but, oh; Miss, I do trust it isn't so. Miss Tessy has never been strong like.'

When the doctor arrived it proved that our fears were correct, though he assurtd us the attack was merely a slight one. I at once despatched this intelligence to Mrs. Millard and received a note in reply saying, that as she was not cut out for the role of sick nurse, and was enjoying herself immensely, it would be folly for her to return and run the risk of contagion. We soon settled into the routine of nursing, which was not arduous, for Tessy was the least exacting of invalids. A hundred times a day she unconsciously reproached me by her deep gratitude for every trifling kindness and attention shown towards her.

A week after the time she had first been taken ill I was sitting in charge while Anne took a turn in the grounds for fresh air. Tessy had been very quiet for some time, though her dark eyes followed me unceasingly.

'Wouldn't it be funny, Miss Fitzgerald,' she said, suddenly, 'if, after all the trouble poor dear mamma has had for fear I would not get enough learning into my head, wouldn't it be funny if I never grew up to need it?'

'Child, don't talk like that!' I said, sharply.

'I do not think I shall get better,' she went on, unmoved. 'I've been thinking of a lot of things as I lay here, and I was thinking if God didn't mean me to grow up He would know I did not need any learning. Perhaps God just makes the people clever who have to fight their way in the world, and the dunces don't need to. I used to worry because I could not learn, but now I don't mind; only I must have been an awful bother to you, Miss Fitzgerald, because you are so clever.'

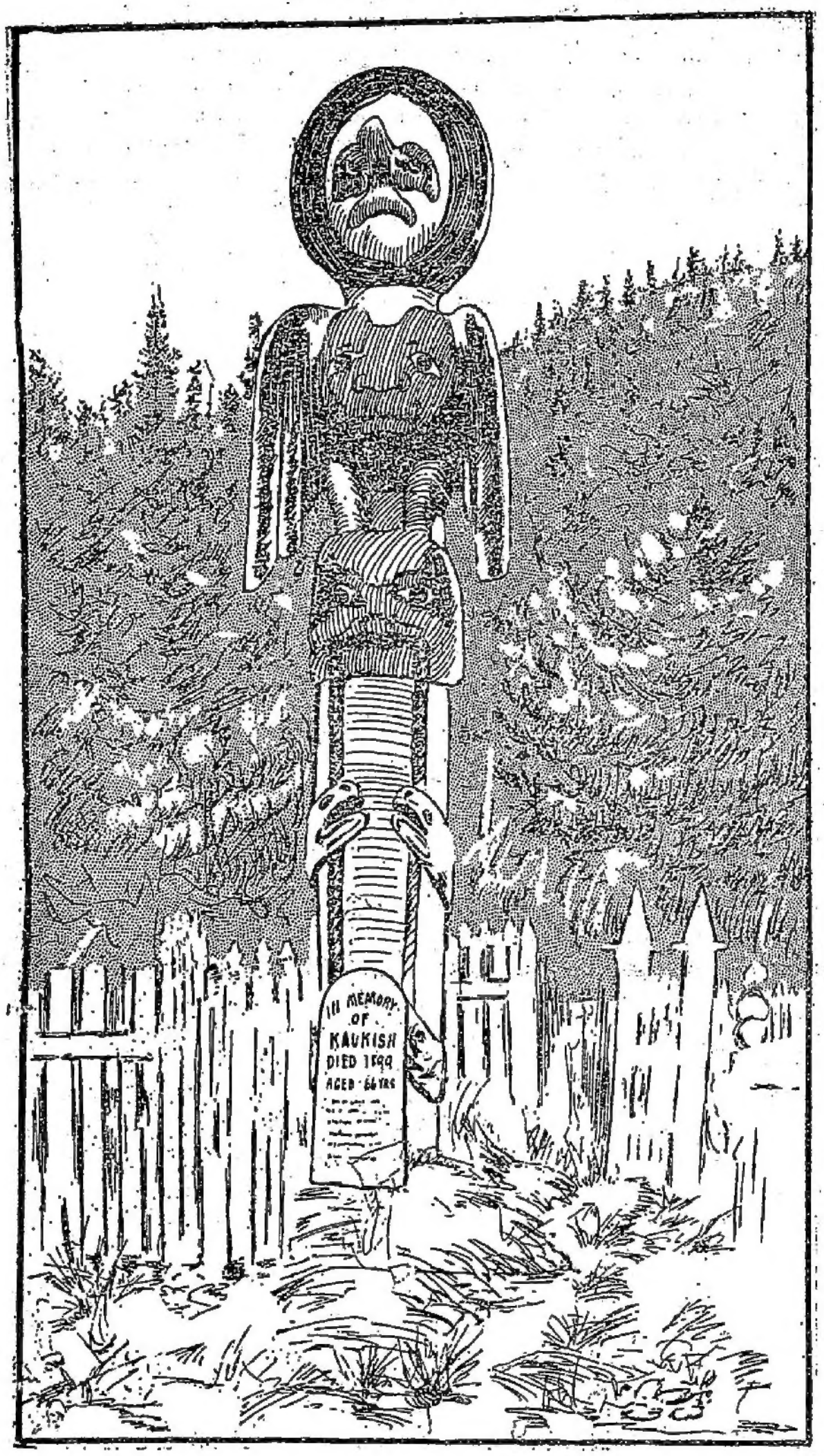
'Clever, Tessy darling,' I said, choking down a sob. She took my hand in her small, feverish one, and began to talk of little Janie Hewitt, for whose sufferings she had a profound sympathy.

'I should like her to have all my books and toys if I don't want them any more.' So she rambled on, her eyes growing unnaturally bright, and I feared she was exciting herself unduly. To my great distress I thought her mind was wandering a little, and it was an immense relief when Anne appeared and the doctor with her. I slipped away and ran out into the garden. Later I met Anne looking very pale. Theresa was much worse. A telegram was to be despatched at once for a trained nurse, and another for Mrs. Millard. The latter returned at once, looking very scared, all the mother latent in her frivolous nature crying out for her child.

With the advent of the nurse my services were no longer required, and day by day I wandered about the house and grounds waylaying every one in hopes of a gleam of comfort from the sick room. Once I walked over to Silvington, and, conquering my repugnance to the dirt and squalor, the crippled child and I went together over Tessy's danger. In tears and sorrow I was learning my lesson. I had not opened a book for weeks. But the cup was not yet full.

In the third week Tessy left us. They buried all that was left of the child, whose brief life, spent for others, had brightened many a dingy home, and I left Mrs. Millard to her tears and her becoming mourning. But what am I to judge her—I, who had also undervalued the angel unawares till the soft white wings had been spread and Tessy's soul had gone home?

I have now many letters of distinction attached to my name, and I still prize learning as a great good, but I pray always that never may the pride of intellect crowd from my heart the seeds of human kindness planted there by the childish hands of one of God's dunces.



GRAVE OF AN ALASKAN INDIAN CHIEF.

Capt. Bloss, of the Salvation Army, correspondent at the Klondike for 'The Young Soldier,' has furnished that periodical the accompanying picture of the monument placed at the grave of an Alaskan chief. He says: 'The Indians are very painstaking in burying their dead. They frequently cover the graves with blankets. The graves of chiefs are especially well taken care of. The picture shows you a peculiar monument; this is carved out of one single piece of wood. You will see three faces on the pole, which are supposd to represent heaven, earth, and hell. The figure itself is that of a bird. Heads of snakes are seen below.'

General Gordon.

The author of 'Fire and Sword in the Soudan,' says that Hassan Bey, a sheikh of the region, related to him many incidents about General Gordon, for whom he had the greatest admiration and regard. He pointed out a magnificent saddle and sword.

'Look!' said Hassan, 'these are the last presents General Gordon gave me. He was most kind and generous. Pride was unknown to him. One day when we were travelling an attendant shot a bustard, and when we halted at noon the cook at once boiled some water, and threw the bird into the pot so as to take off its feathers. Gordon, seeing this, went and sat down by the cook, and began helping him to pluck the bird.

'I at once rushed up to him and begged him to allow me to do it for him, but he answered:

'"Why should I be ashamed of doing work? I am quite able to wait on myself. Certainly I do not require a Bey to do my kitchen work for me."

How Margaret Helped the Wrens.

(By Martha Clark Rankin, in Christian Work.')

Margaret Day moved into the country last spring, and she was so delighted with the flowers and birds that she wanted to stay outdoors all the time. At the first she couldn't tell one bird from another, but after a little she learned to know the noisy fat robins, with their brick-red breasts, the beautiful bluebirds, the brilliant orioles, the musical song sparrows, the slate-colored cat birds and the jolly wrens.

She always heard the wrens singing when she first woke up in the morning, and whenever she went near the grape arbor they would fly close to her and sing as if they were so happy that they couldn't possibly keep still. Margaret liked the wrens best of all the birds, although they are not nearly so beautiful as some other kinds. You know wrens dress all in brown, but they are very prettily spotted and barred with darker shades, and they have such bright eyes and jerk up their tails so oddly, and are always so lively and jolly, that it is no wonder they were Margaret's favorites.

When her father told her that they were very useful birds, because they kept the plants and bushes free from the insects that would destroy them, she liked them better than ever, and began to wonder if she couldn't help them in some way. The gardener show-

ed her some squashes that had been dried for seed.

'Them 'ere birds would build a nest in that squash if they got a chance,' he said to her.

'Oh, would they?' cried Margaret. 'How do you mean? Can I fix it for them?'

'Just cut a hole in it and scoop out the inside and hang it up somewhere,' replied the gardener, as he went about his work.

Margaret took a knife and cut a round hole in the neck of the squash, then carefully drew out the seeds and dried pulp. Then with a strong cord she tied it to one of the posts of the grape arbor.

'The wrens couldn't possibly find a prettier place to live,' she thought, as she sat down on the piazza to see what they would do. In a few minutes one of the wrens flew up to the squash and began to peer down into it. Then another one came who seemed to be his mate, and they chattered to each other as if they were discussing whether to make their nest there or not. After a great deal of chattering and singing, one bird flew away and soon came back with a little twig in her bill. She pushed this way down in the squash out of sight and flew away for another.

Margaret watched them for a long time. One sang and seemed to give directions, while the other one worked hard getting little sticks and twigs with which it filled up the old squash. Then she was called into the house.

The next day, when she was watching them, another pair of wrens came up, and one of them began to pull the sticks out of the squash and scatter them on the ground. Evidently he wanted that place for his family. Then there was such a scolding and quarrelling and fighting that Margaret had to drive all the birds away, but they soon came back and the trouble began again.

Then Margaret ran to the barn as fast as her feet could carry her, cut a hole in another squash and hung it up at the other end of the grape arbor. The wrens' bright eyes were quick to see this, and immediately all four came and took possession of the new squash.

'Oh, dear!' thought Margaret, 'what does make them act so? They quarrel just as if they were naughty children!'

And so they did. For three days they quarrelled and fought, but finally they settled the difficulty somehow, Margaret couldn't tell how, and one pair began to build in one squash and the other pair in the other. After bringing all the twigs they could possibly crowd in, they put a soft lining of dry grass and feathers in the bottom, and then the eggs were laid.

When the birds sat on the nests they were quite out of sight, and the way Margaret found out there were eggs was by putting her little hand way down in, when she knew the birds were not there. There were eight eggs in one nest and six in the other, and after what seemed to Margaret a long time, she began to hear a faint peeping in the nests. Then how busy the old birds were feeding the little ones, who seemed to eat all the time!

A few days more and there was a great excitement over teaching the little birds to fly. The funny little things were so awkward and stupid at first, that they kept tumbling out of the nest and wouldn't try to fly back. Sometimes the parents had to strike them hard with their bills, but at last they could all fly quite well, and after a few weeks Margaret couldn't tell the children from their father and mother.

If you live in the country and don't keep a cat you can help the wrens in their nest building, too. If you haven't a squash, a box will do, for they are not at all particular, though they seem to like something quite deep with a rather small opening in the top. They have been known to make nests in the pocket of an old coat hanging in a shed, in a rubber boot, and in an old leather mitten. They are funny little midgets, are they not?

One Pencil.

Honesty is a very precious thing—sometimes so rare, that when it is once sold it can never be recovered. No price can be high enough for which to part with honesty; yet boys have been known to sell this precious thing for a lead pencil, or a stamped envelope, or three cents wrong change, or even a counterfeit five-cent piece. Some years ago a boy was engaged in a large factory where lead pencils were manufactured. The regular arrangements of the factory turned out so many finished pencils from one department a day, so many packages from another, and so many boxes from a third. It was all done so systematically that nothing remained unfinished or in half sets at night. The new boy had never seen such wealth of lead pencils before, and out of unnumbered hundreds, as he supposed, he took one and put it in his pocket. At night there was a box with one pencil missing. It was easily traced to his department, and then to him, and he was discharged, not because the factory could not afford to lose one lead pencil, but because the proprietors could not afford to keep a dishonest boy. It was reasonable to suppose that a boy who held his honesty no higher in price than a lead pencil would doubtless be tempted by something greater. —'Christian Work.'

A Brave Little Workman.

The Sunday-school at Namur has lately gained a new scholar, a little boy who works in a glass manufactory, says 'The Belgian Messenger.' He is only twelve years old, and his looks are not prepossessing. He is small, puny, often black with smoke and miserably clad, but looks intelligent and his eyes beam when one talks to him of Jesus and of the beautiful Gospel stories.

One Sunday his teacher saw, to her amazement, that he was fast asleep. She woke him up and said sternly to him:

'You oughtn't to go to sleep here.'

'Oh, madame, forgive me, but I am so tired.'

'Did you not sleep well last night, then?'

'Oh, no,' he answered smiling, 'I was working for twelve hours last night at the factory, and only came out of it at seven this morning.'

'What! do you mean to say that your mother allowed you to come here instead of going to bed?'

'No, no, I told her I would go to bed later,' said he, 'that I must come first and say my verse.'

Is he not a plucky little man?—'Observer.'

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 18.

Jesus at Jacob's Well.

John iv., 5-26. Memory verses 11-14. Read John iii., 22 to iv., 45.

Lesson Text.

'Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. (6.) Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour. (7.) There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink. (8.) For the disciples were gone away into the city to buy meat. (9.) Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. (10.) Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knowest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. (11.) The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou the living water? (12.) Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle? (13.) Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: (14.) But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life. (15.) The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw. (16.) Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband and come hither. (17.) The woman answered and said, I have no husband. Jesus said unto her, Thou hast well said, I have no husband: (18.) For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that saidst thou truly. (19.) The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet. (20.) Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship. (21.) Jesus saith unto her, Woman believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem, worship the Father. (22.) Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews. (23.) But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. (24.) God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. (25.) The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things. (26.) Jesus saith unto her, I that speak unto thee am he.

Daily Readings.

M. That Rock. Ex. 17: 1-7.
T. With Joy. Isa. 12: 1-6.
W. No Money. Isa. 55: 1-13.
T. Pure River. Rev. 22: 1-10.
F. Say, Come. Rev. 22: 14-19.
S. Two Days. Jn. 4: 27-30, 40.

Golden Text.

'God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.'—John iv., 24.

Suggestions.

As this same lesson was given thirteen months ago, much of it will still be fresh in the minds of those who studied it faithfully at that time. Ask the scholars if they have thought about the Living water since studying this lesson, and what the word has meant in their own lives this past year. Our Lord and his disciples were on their way to Galilee, and, contrary to the usual route of the Jews, went by way of Samaria. As they journeyed they came to a well near the city of Sychar, and Jesus being weary sat down by the well while the disciples went to the city to buy some food for the midday meal.

As our Lord sat there by the open well, a woman of the country came to draw water. Little did she know as she set out that day for the well that that was to be the most wonderful day of her life. Little did she know that at the well she would meet her Saviour. Perhaps things had been going wrong with her that day and she was tired and longing for something—she did not know what. Perhaps when she saw a Jew, ont of the hated nation who thought themselves so superior, she was ready to be abusive and disagreeable. But the kindly request of the Saviour took her by surprise and opened her heart to the gospel.

The gift of God to the world was Jesus Christ himself. He is also the Living water, the satisfier of all the thirsts and longings of the human heart.

The Samaritans had separated from the Jews early in their history and though they worshipped God, their worship was mixed with idolatrous ceremonies. They worshipped in Mount Gerezim which was only a few miles from Jacob's well where Jesus talked with this woman. The woman had tried to turn the conversation. But Jesus talked about God the loving Father, instead of about the forms of religion. Our Lord did not despise the one poor woman who came to him, but took as much trouble to teach her as he would have done for a multitude.

Illustration.

'By every fountain of earthly good Jesus still sits, pointing men to the higher and better things of what it is a hint and a type. By earthly pleasure he would point to heavenly and spiritual joy; by earthly riches he would teach us of treasures in heaven; by earthly love he would point to heavenly love; by earthly desires, to heavenly desires; by earthly activity and business, to zeal and earnestness in the kingdom of God.

This well was a type of the Samaritan religion. Originally they had the living water of the books of Moses, and drank from them as Jacob and his sons from the living water of the Shechem well. But the water became stagnant. They never went beyond Moses; the well was so filled up with forms and prejudices and the mere letter of the law that the living water was covered up. 'The stagnant well of water, becoming muddy by agitation, and corrupt by lying undisturbed, is inferior for use and gratification, and is not like the running water of the living spring, which continually freshens itself, and runs itself clear, and is always replenishing itself in purity and copiousness, for use and enjoyment.' There is the same danger for us to-day.'—From 'Peloubet's Notes,' 1899.

Lesson Hymn.

Thirsting soul by Jacob's well,
Hear the joyful news we tell;
He who weary, waited there,
Scorched beneath the noontide glare
Offers you the gift of God,
On the nations shed abroad
Living water springing up
Like a well of joy and hope.

In the temple hear Him cry,
Every one that thirsts draw nigh,
On the Son of Man believe,
Thus the Holy Ghost receive:
Then, like rivers rolling free,
Shall your life a blessing be,
And the desert waste shall sing
Gladdened by the streams that spring.

From the glorious Throne above
Roll the floods of life and love,
And the Lamb His flock shall guide
Where those living waters glide.
Hunger, thirst, and pain are o'er,
Woe and sorrow come no more,
All who will may freely take,
All who drink, their thirst may slake.
—H. L. Hastings, 1880.

C. E. Topic.

Feb. 18.—The sin of liquor-selling; how end it? Hab. 2: 1-17. (Quarterly temperance meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE SALOON AND ITS EVILS.

Mon., Feb. 12.—Poison in the cup. Deut. 32: 33.
Tues., Feb. 13.—Evil companions. Prov. 28: 7.
Wed., Feb. 14.—Sorrow. Ps. 32: 10.
Thu., Feb. 15.—Poverty. Prov. 21: 17.
Fri., Feb. 16.—Wickedness. Dan. 5: 4.
Sat., Feb. 17.—Loss of heaven. I Cor. 6: 10.
Sun., Feb. 18.—Topic—Some of the evils that come from the saloon. Hab. 2: 5-8, 12, 15. (Quarterly temperance meeting.)

Alcohol Catechism.

(By R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER IV.—ADULTERATION OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.

1. Q.—What does adulteration mean?
A.—It means the mixing with some cheaper stuff and food, drink, or medicine, so as to make money by selling it at the same price as the pure article would bring.
2. Q.—What is one of the worst acts of those who make intoxicating liquors?
A.—They adulterate the liquors.
3. Q.—Is adulteration always hurtful?
A.—Not always; for when lard is mixed with butter, or water with alcohol, it is only a cheat.
4. Q.—When is adulteration hurtful?
A.—If they adulterate with poisonous or injurious things, such as putting strychnine into beer to make it bitter and save hops, it is a terrible crime.
5. Q.—Who adulterate their liquors?
A.—Brewers, distillers, and wine sellers adulterate liquors sometimes.
6. Q.—How are liquors adulterated?
A.—With poisonous drugs.
7. Q.—Can you give me an example?
A.—A Frenchman advertised to furnish every article to begin a rum shop for twenty-five dollars.
8. Q.—What was in this outfit?
A.—A package of drugs and a quantity of deadly poison called oil of cognac, which would make 100 gallons of what would seem to be the best imported brandy out of the most common whiskey or raw alcohol.
9. Q.—Was this all?
A.—No, he gave rules for making cider without apples, and wine out of cider.
10. Q.—How do we know that alcoholic liquors are adulterated with poisonous drugs?
A.—Chemists know how to separate them into the things they are made from.
11. Q.—What is a poisonous drug?
A.—Any substance that may be used in small or moderate doses as a medicine, but which makes people very sick, and even kills them, if too much is taken.
12. Q.—Why are poisonous drugs used in adulterating liquors?
A.—Because the finest liquors and wines are expensive. By using drugs, they can be made out of cheap whiskey or wine that looks and tastes so much like the real, that few people can tell the difference.
13. Q.—Are only costly liquors adulterated?
A.—No, almost all, even the cheapest kinds, are more or less adulterated. Read Ecclesiastes, 12th Chapter, 14th verse.

A Painful Cure.

One evening a young girl in evening dress was standing by a glass door which opened into the garden from the drawing-room, when her brother, a lad of eighteen, came up to her. He caught her arm, and drew her hastily aside into an alley, where they were hid from the view of the house. Then she noticed how pale his face was, and how wild his eyes, and in much alarm she asked, 'What has happened, Charlie? Oh! where is papa?' 'Be quiet, I tell you. Everybody is well that I know of; it is about myself I want to speak to you.' 'How you have frightened me, Charlie,' said Lizzie

Grahame, a long breath of relief escaping from her. 'But what ails you, dear?'

'I'll tell you. Some time ago I got acquainted with a fellow called Osborne. He is a rascal, I know now; but when father told me, two months ago, to drop his acquaintance, I saw no reason for such a command. Well, I can't tell you how, but I got to gamble with him, and father had to pay my debts. He told me then, that if he ever had to do so again, he would send me off to my uncle in India. Well, Osborne is at me again (I haven't played with him since, mind), and he says that I still owe him ten pounds, and I can't prove that I do not, though I feel sure he is lying; for he says I was half drunk when he won it from me. Will you help me, Lizzie?' added Charlie pleadingly. All the pride in Lizzie's nature had blazed up at Charlie's shameful recital, and she answered scornfully, 'Help you! No, indeed. Do you think I despise papa's commands as you do?' 'Then hey for India, and yellow fever,' said Charlie with affected carelessness, as he turned from her. But the next instant Lizzie's hand was on his arm, and said, 'Oh! Charlie, you don't think papa will send you to India?' 'Papa generally keeps his word, Lizzie.' 'Oh! anything but that,' murmured Lizzie clinging to her brother; they were motherless. 'I have not enough of money, Charlie; but,' she added, unclasping a valuable bracelet, 'take this, and with what I have, there will perhaps be enough.' 'No, Lizzie,' said her brother, 'I have been too selfish already. I do not despise my father's commands, though my conduct may seem to believe me; you living here, secure from such temptation, cannot know how difficult it is to break away from bad associates when they appear friendly, and you may thank God daily that you have never learned to like wine as I have.' 'Oh! Charlie, have you really got to like wine?' 'I have not forgotten to love you and my father, so, Lizzie, dear, let me go to India, and don't grieve over-much. It is the best plan, I've thought for long. It will cut me loose from all those fellows that have got such a hold of me, and I shall be free, among strangers and in new scenes, to begin a new life, as I hope to do. This scrape with Osborne has brought matters to a crisis. I will tell my father all, and accept his punishment.' 'Oh! no, Charlie, no,' implored Lizzie; 'I did not really mean these cruel words I said. We will pay that debt somehow, only stay and let us see you become the noble man you might be.' 'Don't talk nonsense just now, Lizzie. Your words have done me good, for they have compelled me to examine and see how meanly I've been acting. And how can you dream of my being noble until I am master of myself? Besides, would it be honorable to keep our father in the dark about my doings? No, dear, I have sown my wild oats, and I must reap the harvest. If I only could save you from grieving on my account.' His sister's cheek grew very pale as he spoke; but she simply said, 'I believe you are right.' He kissed her white lips, and left her with an aching heart. His father, beneath a cold exterior, had a heart full of love to his children, and it was a severe trial to him to carry out his promise and send his son to India. He was much pleased with his humble penitent manner, and it comforted both Mr. Grahame and Lizzie to know that he had begun to study his Bible ere he left his native land. He sailed two months after his conversation in the garden with his sister, and very lonely the house was without his firm, quick step, and the hearty ringing of his voice. He wrote regularly home, however, and told his sister, without reserve, of his temptations, and spoke humbly of his efforts to overcome his habits. Six years passed away, and then his father entreated him to return. He was wearying much to see his son, and Lizzie was going to be married, and wished her brother to be present on the occasion. Charlie obeyed readily, and the slim youth returned to England, bearded, broad-shouldered, and browned with the sun, and Lizzie could scarcely feel that he was the same at first. Yet he was just as hearty and loving as ever; but his temporary banishment had made him a strong ally of cold water, and one of his aims in life was to bring others by example and precept to give up in its favor the use of wine and other intoxicating drinks.—'League Journal.'

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—I am glad to have some more names on the 'Honor Roll of Bible Searchers,' and I should like a great many more of you to make up your minds to study these verses and find where they are in the Bible.

I am glad so many of you are praying for the soldiers in South Africa. They need to be constantly remembered before God. Pray that they may be brave Christian soldiers fighting against sin and temptation. Pray that their hearts and their camps may be kept pure so that God may dwell with them as he dwelt in the camps of the Israelites long ago.

I hope you will read about the Indian Famine and pray for the missionaries who are doing everything they can for the relief of the suffering natives. If you can send any money for this work, we will be glad to acknowledge it in the 'Messenger' and to forward it to a good missionary in India, to give food to the starving ones. If you can not give money you can give prayer. And if you can give money you must pray that God will bless every cent of it, and that it may be used not only to give bread to the starving people, but to teach their poor starved souls about Jesus, the Bread of Life.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

White Oak, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a copy of a letter, which I received from the Rev. Mr. Owen, of the Mission School, Fort Macleod, N.W.T. Perhaps some of the readers of the 'Messenger' would like to send something to the children in the home. I am sending the 'Northern Messenger' this year to them. I wonder what will they say when they see this letter?

FRED R. SHORE, (aged 10.)

Church Missionary Society, St. Paul's Mission, MacLeod, N.W.T., Jan. 1st, 1900.

Dear Fred,—An answer to your letter is the first one for me in the new century. Do you feel a hundred years old now that you have lived in two centuries. I judge not from your letter. Well, your little books were much appreciated by the children, though more by the girls than boys, for the boys are not fond of reading. You see that it is reading in a foreign language, and, of course, it is more or less slow. However as the girls are very fond of reading, any books will be most acceptable. This afternoon the boys and some of the girls are away at the ice, and some have skates, which they are learning to use well. In some ways they are like white boys and girls, but in some ways very different. If you want to help us in other ways, I will give you a chance, by enclosing a card, the use of which you will see. We are always needing money to help our home, for fifty children need lots to eat and wear, Old clothes are acceptable, but old boots are hardly much good, for it is so stony here that some new ones don't last long. I like to see fellows of your age starting out to work for God, for the younger we start, the happier life we have, and it is happiness we all are looking for, isn't it. Well, goodbye to you and your two brothers. I hope you have all had a very happy Xmas and bright New Year.

From your friend.
ARTHUR deB. OWEN.

Hantsport, N.S.

Dear Editor;—I have two sisters and two brothers. We have a parrot named Cora, She whistles and sings and calls each one of the family by their names. I take music lessons and am getting along well. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. At my last grading I got an average of 93. My teacher gave me a prize for my lessons and conduct. It was a book called 'Arabian Nights.' My birthday is on April 8th, just the same day as Annie B's birthday is, only I am two years older than she is.

JOY L. (aged 10.)

Roseville.

Dear Editor,—I live at Roseville, in the County of Lanark. I have three brothers and one sister. I have been taking the 'Messenger' for some months and like it very well. My father is a cheese maker. We live about five miles from the town of Smith's Falls, which has a population of five thousand. I think I will always take this paper, it is so interesting.

MAGGIE C. (aged 11.)

Rosanna, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Rosanna is a small place, consisting of a post office, a church and a fine brick school-house. It is about five miles east of Tilsonburg. I was very much interested in Violet M's letter of Milton, Ont. I would like her to write to me. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I like it very much. I am thirteen years old; and my birthday is on April 30.

VIOLET W. (aged 13.)

Campobello, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading the little letters very much. The school-house is only a few steps from my home.

EVA M. M. (aged 10.)

Pt. Fortune.

Dear Editor,—I go to school. There are twenty scholars. We have eight little pigs and two big fat pigs. We have four horses and fourteen cows.

KATIE E. R. (aged 11.)

Pt. Fortune.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We have five cats and one dog named Rover.

OLIVE J. R. (aged 7.)

Springfield, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and I love to read the boys' and girls' page. I have two sisters, Annie and Edna, but no brothers. We go to school. Our teacher's name is Miss Brown, she is very kind when we know our lessons. I have two pets, a dog named Watch, and a cat named Eliza. I go to Sunday-school. Our minister's name is Mr. Chapman.

WALTER D. (aged 11.)

Gagetown, Queen's County, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My father owns a tug boat and we often go on it for a trip to St. John and other places. He makes me go on the boat and cook and steer sometimes for him while he sleeps. He has to go night and day. We play baseball at school, and have great fun. My aunt takes the 'Messenger' for my father, and I love to read it. We haven't any pets, but one little pig, and a cat. I have one brother and two sisters.

A. B. (aged 10.)

Fredericton, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country and go a mile and a half to school. I have two brothers and two sisters. Our baby's name is Sheldon. My birthday is June 14.

A. M. McL. (aged 10.)

Burleigh, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Last year I had the whooping cough and had to stay at home on Christmas day, but I had a good time. I have two uncles up near Port Arthur, and two living near here.

MAGGIE L. (aged 12.)

Hunter River, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—My eldest brother is in Manitoba. One of my brothers has a wheel. We have three horses and twelve cows. I go to school and am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss Oxenham. ETHEL B. (aged 6.)

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We moved into London last December, and since that my dear father died. I have two brothers. One of them goes to the High school.

BLANCHE (aged 12.)

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and two sisters. I have no pets. I go to school. My teacher's name is Mr. Chambers. We all like him. I live five miles from Owen Sound. MANIE (aged 8.)

HOUSEHOLD.

King Baby.

HIS CARE AND CULTURE.

(By Lina Orman Cooper, in 'Home Words.')

To keep an infant in health is a comparatively easy matter, to tend him in sickness a very difficult one. In order that King Baby may flourish, we must give him plenty or air, plenty of food, plenty of sunshine, and plenty of warmth. We must see to it that he not only goes out every day, but that his bedroom is well ventilated. Many young mothers think windows and doors should be hermetically sealed whilst baby is asleep. Consequently, the boy passes more than half of his existence in an atmosphere likely to develop throat troubles or lung mischief. In his dainty white cot he is cuddled down under warm blankets, curtains are drawn round his head, gas is lit, whilst the air is further exhausted by the breath of two adults in the bed beside him. Now the best preventive of, as well as the best cure for, disease, is fresh air. No germs can live long in sweet, pure air. They are fed and fostered in an impure one. Breathing the same air over and over again, baby breathes in the deadly, poisonous, carbonic acid, given off from his parents' lungs as well as his own. Drowsy, headachy, feverish, the wee person tosses restlessly all night, and rises in the morning unrefreshed and peevish.

It is most important that outside air should be admitted, in order to counteract the vicious atmosphere of a closed-up house. Of course all draught must be avoided: so the King's presence chamber should be thoughtfully arranged. Bed and cot sho never stand between window and door; then an inch of the upper sash may safely be left down.

No blind should ever darken the window of the nursery. Short curtains, running easily on slender rods, are far better. They can be drawn quite back, and hinder neither light nor air. Sunshine is needed to test the secrets of corner and cornice, to see where dust lurks and spiders spin. 'Where the sun never comes the doctor comes' is an old woman's adage, but a very true one. Carpets should be conspicuous by their absence from the nursery. In order that the floor need not be washed too often—a practice not to be recommended, as damp floors are a fruitful source of ill-health—it may be stained with a solution of permanganate of potash. Half an ounce of these crystals, dissolved in a bucket of water and applied with a large brush, will color the boards a deep, rich brown. They may then be polished with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine (just enough of the latter to cover the shreds of wax, and melted in a pan-crock on top of the range.)

Instead of washing the nursery every week, this may be rubbed on with flannel or brush until a hard, shining surface results. A clean, delightful smell is noticeable when this course is followed, and at the same time the potash acts as a disinfectant and deodorizer. This is the method of staining and polishing in hospitals, and is both sanitary and most inexpensive.

Rugs must be laid down in the nursery. Quite cheap ones will do. These should be shaken outside every day. Then, when King Baby is sitting on one playing with his toys in a flood of sunshine, he will not be enveloped in a golden hale of dust! The health-giving shafts will travel down no ladder of floating particles, but touch the little face with pure, soft finger-tips. A few pictures should hang on the nursery walls—not any dark, ugly 'cast-offs,' but bright, well-colored ones. The smallest baby takes delight in a picture of the Good Shepherd.

A fire-guard should be found in the King's room. Thereon may be always airing the garments that we mothers love to provide for him. A screen is a useful thing too, made from an old clothes-horse and covered with cretonne. It can be drawn round baby's bed or chair, keeping him safe even when windows are open and doors ajar. It is necessary, too, when the daily bath is given, or when mother is nursing him. No food should be kept in a nursery or bedroom. A cupboard outside can hold the milk-jug and basin of lime-water wherein lie the bottles in use. Even a few drops of milk spilt on shelf or floor of the King's room give it a sour, unwholesome smell. No napkins should be dried there either, and no soiled clothes rolled up.

Tomato Croquettes.

Beat the yolks of four eggs light, and add to five cups of mashed potato. Mix well, then add two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one-fourth of a cup of cream, one teaspoonful of onion juice, salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, stir over the fire in a saucepan until the potato is heated through. Cool, form into cone-shaped croquettes, cover with egg and bread crumbs, and fry in smoking-hot fat.

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